

Not room? Why, man, that shelf's held a five-gallon jar of mince-meat every winter for twenty years. Wait. I'll bring a lamp. You must be in the wrong corner." Mrs. Perkins descended the narrow stairs, Maggie close at her heels. "Well, if there ain't my mince-jar," was the first exclamation. "And another brown jar with it. Somebody else did this. I never use this shelf for empty jars. Stand aside, Josh, till I lift them down. My patience alive! They're full of those covers off. Mince-meat, both of 'em, as sure as I'm a living woman. Obed, there's some mighty mysterious things been happening around here."

"I don't know anything about the grey jar, Sister Amanda. I supposed you had pickle in it. But I can explain about the brown jar. I made the mince-meat in it for you." Maggie's voice wasn't very steady.

"Put that jar down, Josh, before your arms break off. Why, goodness sake, Maggie, how did you ever come to do that? It was very kind of you, but you know I'm not apt to remember other people's seasoning."

Maggie sat down on the lowest step. She was't very brave at best, and there were times when it needed courage to face Sister Amanda. "After Hattie went away," she began, "I got uneasy for fear that there might have been some fire left in the house, Hattie being inexperienced, so I came over to see for myself. I noticed your mince-meat rule pinned up on the clock shelf, and I remembered that you had been awful anxious to get your mince-meat done that week. So I just thought I'd do it."

"Well, it certainly was thoughtful, Maggie. Did you have the things charged at Dennis's or Taylor's? We don't want any bills running."

"I paid for them—all but the apples. I got those out of the south bin, knowing that was the kind you use. It was my own money. I wanted to do it, Sister Amanda. You and Obed have done a lot for us, and there's never any way for us to show that we appreciate it. There's lots of times I'd dearly love to help you if you only thought I could do things to suit you, but you don't; so I said to Josh, 'Here's my chance,' and he thought so, too. And so, if it isn't good no one will be the loser only myself."

Mrs. Perkins sat down on the vinegar keg.

"Was it your birthday money that Obed gave you for a hat?" she asked bluntly. Maggie's face flushed hotly, but her sister-in-law put the question again, relentlessly.

"Yes, but he said I should do as I pleased with it, and I pleased to do this." Maggie's voice was faint and guilty, but Mrs. Perkins only said, briskly, "We'll see about this later," when a girlish voice called from overhead, "May I come down, too?" It's Nellie. I saw the house lighted and knew you must have come to-day. How do you do, everybody? Oh, Mrs. Perkins, you've found Hattie's mince-meat. Wasn't it dear of her? She missed the biggest party of all to stay home and make it, and she paid for everything out of her own money that her father left her to go away with—all but the apples. She got those out of that south bin. She was so happy—said that was the only way she could share her good time with you, and she just loved to do it."

"My little girl made it? After all I said! Do you hear that Obed? And it's chopped as fine as mine and smells as good." That was Mrs. Perkins' only reply to the breathless torrent of words, but she squeezed Nellie's hand tight as she said, "Fifteen gallons of mince-meat! Come on upstairs, Josh. I hate to trouble you, but you may carry that jar back to the kitchen, and

also, home with you. Obed, go and write another check for Maggie, same size as the birthday one."

"Oh, no—please let me do this, Sister Amanda. I can do without a hat this winter very well."

Mrs. Perkins set the lamp on the kitchen table, then turned to put her hands on her sister-in-law's stooped shoulders. "It isn't that I don't appreciate it, Maggie, for I do. But we've got a plenty and you haven't, and every mouthful of that mince-meat would choke me if I had to feel all winter that I was slowly swallowing Maggie's hat, which she needs worse than I need pie, but which she'd likely never have got if she'd waited for her selfish old sister to provide it. I'll accept the work and the time and the strength you spent on it, and that's a good-sized present, considering it meant double duty at home to make up for it, and I'll try not to be so crabbed hereafter that you have to own up to a piece of kindness like it was a penitentiary offence. There's no more to be said about it. Nellie, when did you hear from Hattie?"

It was after they went to bed that Mrs. Perkins said, subduedly, "Obed, that ought to be the best mince-meat that any family ever ate, all ten gallons of it, for it's flavored through and through with love—" she hesitated, then added in a voice that didn't sound like hers, "for a very undeserving woman."

A quarter of a mile away Maggie wiped tears of happiness from her eyes as she said, "Josh, I never had any body pay me such a compliment in all my life as Sister Amanda did when she gave us the mince-meat she'd made herself and kept mine instead."

LEARNING TO BE GIVERS.

To be able to give well is an art that we can learn, like any other art. Persistent practise is the secret of mastery here as elsewhere. It has been well said: "If you feel that you have given too much, it is pretty good evidence that you have not given enough. You should continue to give until you feel that your contribution is not worth mentioning." Or, as Moody is said to have bluntly expressed it: "Give until it hurts, and then keep on giving until it stops hurting." But our own feelings in the matter are the least important factor, after all. Whether or not we ever master them, we can give, and we ought to, to an extent that is costly. Any other kind of giving is not worthy of the name.—Selected.

MOSQUITOES OF MANY KINDS.

We are accustomed to talk about mosquitoes and their peculiarities without always realizing that there are many species of these pests, with widely differing characteristics. One species may inoculate its victims with malaria, another with yellow fever; others still are comparatively harmless. Some prefer, in the larval stage, to live at the edge of weedy pools and rivers, some in clear pools; others, again, in cisterns, water barrels, or in chance collections of water such as may be gathered in old tin cans or clam shells. In the London Times recently a contributor called attention to the fact (as he believed it to be) that mosquitoes are never found in swamps or marshes where there is peat. At once a correspondent of Nature names five species of mosquitoes that he has personally found in such places. The writer in the Times also mentions casually that mosquitoes never breed in salt water, whereupon his critic gives the names of five species that so breed and says he has more in reserve. All of which goes to prove that there is danger of inaccuracy when we observe a single variety and then make assertions regarding a considerable number of genera and species.

BABY'S OWN TABLETS

CURE ALL MINOR TROUBLES.

The stomach, the bowels, or cutting teeth is responsible for most of the ills and suffering that afflict babyhood. Baby's Own Tablets will keep your child well because it is the best medicine in the world for these troubles, and at the same time it is the safest. The mother has the guarantee of a Government analyst that this medicine contains no opiate or poisonous "soothing" stuff. Mrs. Jos. Bernard, St. Emile, Que., says: "Baby's Own Tablets are really a marvellous medicine. My baby was thin, peevish and sickly until I began giving him this medicine. Since then he has thrived and grown splendidly." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box for The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

HOW TO PAY A COMPLIMENT.

To pay a compliment is to tell the truth, and to tell it as though you meant it. And the only way to do it is to mean it. If a girl is pretty or accomplished; if she plays well, or sings well, or dances well, or talks well; if, in a word, she pleases, why, in the name of common sense, shouldn't she be told of it? Don't bury it out before everybody. That will serve to make her feel uncomfortable and make you appear ridiculous. Say it quietly when opportunity offers, but say it strongly. Convey the idea distinctly and fully, so that there may be no mistake about it. But don't say it "officially." Formality is about the oddest thing known. More than one maiden has been made happy—say for half an hour—by a man's taking the trouble to say a pleasant thing about a toilet that he liked, and many of fashion's follies have been given up by girls when they noticed a discreet silence concerning them on the part of their gentlemen friends. A bewitching little black-eyed beauty once said to a gentleman: "I like to have you say sweet things to me, it seems to come so easy and natural." In general terms, it may be said that it is always better to say an agreeable thing than a disagreeable one, better for all parties. The gallant who, when a young lady stepped on his foot while dancing, and asked pardon said, "don't mention it; a dainty little foot like that wouldn't hurt a daisy," not only spoke truth, but doubtless felt more comfortable than the boor who, when his foot was stepped on roared out, "That's right; climb all over me with your great clumsy hoofs."

A LITTLE EVERY DAY.

A little helpfulness every day. We live for the good of others, if our living be in any sense true living. It is not in great deeds that the only blessing is found. In "little deeds of kindness," repeated every day, we find true happiness. At home, at school, in the street, in the neighbor's house, on the playground, we shall find opportunity every day for usefulness.

A little look into the Bible every day. One chapter a day! What a treasure of Bible knowledge one may acquire in ten years! Every day a verse committed to memory. What a volume in the mind at the end of twenty-five years!

A little knowledge every day. One fact in a day. How small a fact is one fact! Only one! Ten years pass by. Three thousand six hundred and fifty facts are not a small thing.

The Chinese father cannot leave one son more property than another. I say must all share alike.

Since their incorporation the Kimberly mines have produced 12 tons of diamonds, valued at \$5,000,000,000.